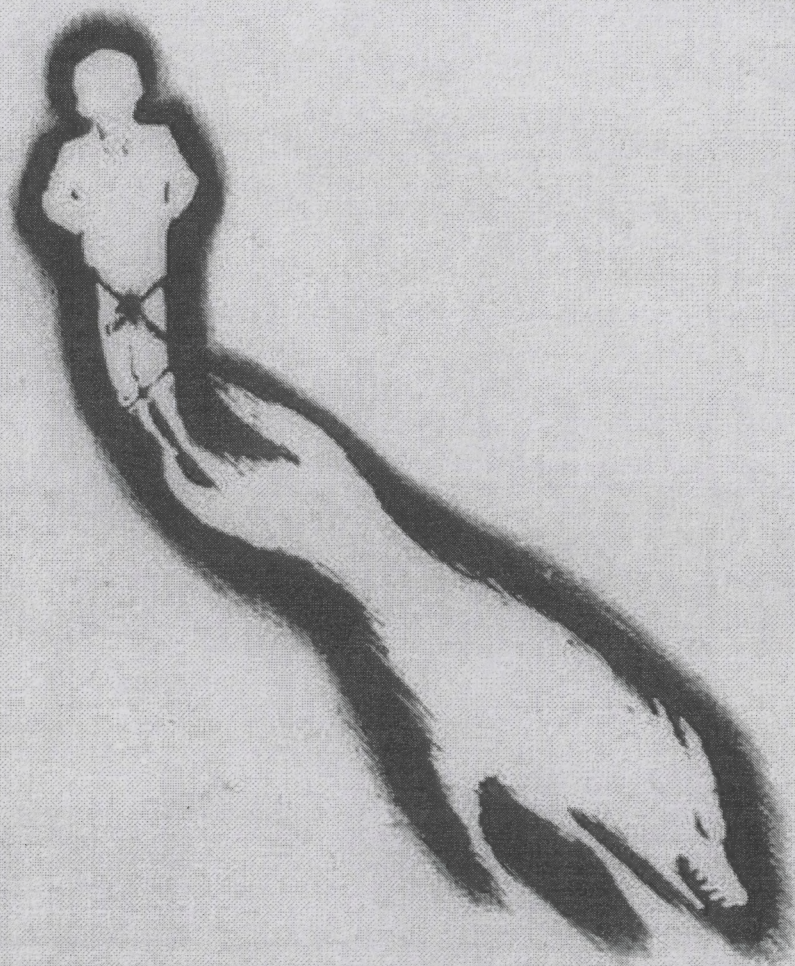


THE OMEN



YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED

TABLE OF CONTENTS



for the sixth issue in the 28th Volume of the Omen on April the twenty-seventh in 2007, the year of our Lord.

• • • Section Hate • • •

Abraham Adams	04	<i>An Open Letter to Jacob Lefton</i>
Mike Doyle	05	<i>Some Yankees Fan Is Upset</i>
Nathan Wootters	05	<i>Some Comics</i>

• • • Section Speak • • •

Kathy Glista	06	<i>Relay for Life: A Survivor's Perspective</i>
Jeffrey Garber	07	<i>Humans Who Cook</i>
Nathan Wootters	07	<i>Another Comic</i>
Sarah Weiss	08	<i>Why Alex Torpey Should Not Be Elected</i>
Tabitha Boschetti	09	<i>"Spring breaaaaak! Take your tops off!!!"</i>

• • • Section Speak • • •

Luke Pinette	10	<i>Virginia Tech</i>
Nathan Wootters	15	<i>Another Comic</i>

• • • Section Lies • • •

Omen Staff	16	<i>Course Listing</i>
Chris Semple	18	<i>Gingerale</i>
Enrique Van Slyke	19	<i>Obituary</i>

TO SUBMIT:

Submissions are due on alternating Saturdays before 5 P.M. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, FedEx, Pony Express, semaphore, or email. Get your submissions to Jacob Lefton, Merrill B307, Box 0953, jwl04@hampshire.edu

"The Omen and Chocolate are basically the same thing."
-- Stephen Morton, on the Omen

Front Cover:

Kristen Brevik

Back Cover:

Andrew Flannagan



omen.hampshire.edu

THE OMEN STAFF Layout & Editing

Jacob Lefton	Strawberry
Stephen Morton	Cranberry
Lindsay Barbieri	Raspberry
Molly McLeod	Blackberry
Daniel Cottle	Elderberry
Tara Jacob	Boysenberry
Zoe Kay	Gooseberry
Linnaea Furlong	Lingonberry
Abbey Ohlheiser	Steak

Volume 28 • Issue 6 April 27th, 2007

EDITORIAL An Impressive Array of Things

[by Jacob Lefton] Well, it's midnight on Monday, and here I am again, busting my ass to get this out to all y'all with as little loss of sleep as possible. What's great is that despite personal discomfort, I love being involved with the Omen. As soon as possible, I plan to hand editorship over to someone else though. It's time for me to move on and get that ol' Div III rolling.

So, what I really want to talk about tonight is the Circus Folk Unite performance, 'Panoply.' Tara asked me very nicely to review it as honestly as possible. Here goes:

'Panoply' is an impressive array of things. It's a really cool word, and we should probably use it in our everyday vocabulary, because... well, it's cool.

Anyway, the circus show was very impressive. It was awesome to see how much everyone has grown over the past two years that Circus Folk Unite has been in existence. Their first show, Boulversement had a lot of raw talent and was really unfinished, but this show... wow. It was polished, it was smooth, even in places where the cast didn't think so. I think the performers deserve recognition for the amount of time and effort they put into the show and the very difficult skills. For those of you who didn't see it, we're

POLICY

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-monthly publication, established by Stephanie Cole and Scott Tundermann in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion.

Everything the Omen receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

talking things like contortion, stilt dancing, acrobatics with a partner and without, clowning, hand balancing, staff spinning, side-show acts, and a whole lot more.

The other thing it had going for it was the raunchy theme of cabaret and burlesque. There were definitely points when I found myself picking my tongue off the floor because the show was just that damn sexy. I thoroughly enjoyed myself.

However, the show was not without its faults. After having seen Cirque Eloize's 'Rain,' my standards for a compelling performance, whether it be dance, circus, or theater, are completely different. 'Rain' was a masterpiece. It was a seemingly flawless show that evoked strong emotion because of clever use of narrative threads, recurring characters, and a really unifying theme.

In 'Panoply,' there were recurring characters—the woman and her two suitors, the bus stop clowns, the janitor, and the Master of Ceremonies. There was a unifying theme, that of sexiness, cabaret, and burlesque. There were, however, no narrative threads tying the whole bundle together.

Now, I'm not asking for perfection here. I know that the level of professionalism that Cirque Eloize is at is unobtainable by Circus Folk Unite, simply because of, if

nothing else, the lack of time and money.

There's a reason why circuses like Cirque Eloize and Soleil are doing so well while circuses like the Ringling Bros. are doing so poorly. Ringling, and others like it, put together groups of the most talented people, showcase their individual talents, and move on to the next group of talents. The 'New Circus' movement, with Soleil and Eloize and others at the forefront brought a different feeling—one of high concept ideas, emotions, and story.

Audiences today want a different thing than audiences of fifty years ago wanted. Then, it might have been the visceral feeling of danger and the impossible that got someone excited, today, it's necessary to evoke a more subtle, emotional feeling, to make people think.

'Panoply' was good, but it could have been better. There was no unifying theme. None of the characters were related to each other. Few of the acts seemed to be aiming for high concepts, and none of those concepts were drawn out and allowed to develop as fully as they could have been.

I think Circus Folk Unite is on the right track—but they can do better. 'Panoply' was both an impressive array of things, and at the same time, simply a collection of impressive things.



THE OMEN'S CHOCOLATE POLICY:

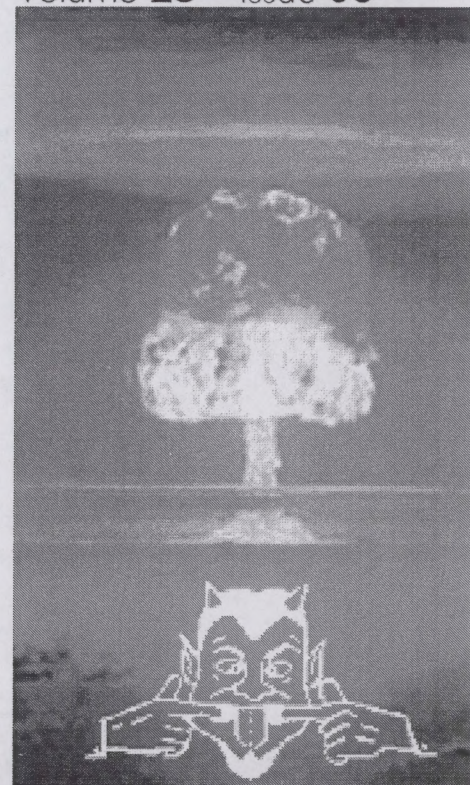
Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

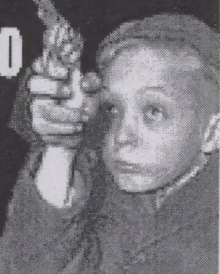


The Omen loves you.



SECTION
HATE

We hate so
you don't
have to.



An Open Letter to Jacob Lefton

I just wanted to throw in a note about the last couple Omens, and Jacob Lefton's (our new trustee-relations guy, incidentally) layout style in particular. He recently pictured himself as a plane flying into the WTC, which he deftly altered to resemble the instrument of vice which he so dislikes. What should we take it to mean? All angles of interpretation proved confusing, so we gave up and just thought of it as weird and aggressive. Anyway, the point I think we should take from it is that Lefton, beaten on all fronts in the arena of language, retreated into editorializing on the level of page layout. This failure, along with his recent moralisms about how bad bad bad we all are for being angry at the pubs, completes a picture of an editor willing to rant about whatever he personally feels strongly about (the cigarettes, the booze, although not the campfires; Jacob allows us campfires, they being good clean fun), but not support those rants by replying to their criticism. Oh, and I got that you, Jacob, were being hyperbolic in the smoking article (thank you for your cheeky reply in which you directed me to the wikipedia definition of the term rather than responding in words to my attack on your awful journalistic practices), as you were also being hyperbolic in the keg hunt article, because you used the word again to describe the article itself in paragraph 6, and I get that you like the word 'hyperbole'. But I find your deployment of the concept a little boring, and a little frustrating. So, I propose: since I have two years left, and you only have one, you should give The Omen to me (two years being plenty of time for me to so drastically revise its mission as to make it totally unrecognizable; I was thinking about something in the vein of Cat Fancy, but for huge ocean creatures). If anybody at all (a single person, excluding you under a pseudonym) thinks this is a bad idea and cares enough to write in, I think you are entitled to keep it. Since that would at least a little bit indicate that you are a representative of someone's opinions, and not just a hijacker of public resources. Anybody care to dissent? I should add that this request is not intended in any way to be 'hyperbolic'.

Thank you,
Abraham Adams



Some Yankees Fan is Upset...

My name is Mike, and I'm pissed off. I am writing to complain. I feel as though I've been slighted. I took the time to write a letter to the editor a couple weeks ago and it was published in the March 26th issue. Much to my dismay, nobody said anything about it. Some guy writes about smoking and everyone gets up in arms. I pour my heart into my submission, and nobody

says a damn thing.

Ya know what? I can start controversy too. Here it is. I'M A YANKEES FAN!!!! I love the Yankees. Derek Jeter is one of my heroes. I got his autograph when he was still in the minor leagues. In the 1995 season, I went to 36 Yankee games.

Is that what it takes to make you people angry? I happen to be a Yankees fan, you motherfuckers taunt me 'till the

[by Mike Doyle]

[by Nathan Wooters]

NATE VS. HAPPINESS



NATE VS. HAPPINESS pt. 2



... but the Sox won anyway.

(Continued from page 3)

cows come home. I write a thoughtful and meaningful submission about my beliefs and opinions? NOT A GOD DAMN WORD.

You all suck. Seriously. Do you know who I am? I'm the Hampshire Idol. Make me a sandwich.

And as far as that goes, I still hold that title. There has not been a Hampshire Idol competition since I won in Fall

2004. Someone did a really good vocal solo, there was some bitchin' stand-up, and who won? The dumb asshole who impersonated Gollum from the Lord of the Rings movies. THAT is what's wrong with Hampshire College.

Sincerely,
Mike Doyle



SECTION SPEAK



News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

Relay For Life A survivor's perspective

Ok, so let's face it – working in Public Safety I don't really get to see the positive side of life at Hampshire. With the exception of our student workers and the young people who stop for keys or to get a temporary parking pass I don't get much of an opportunity to interact with students at all. Call me crazy but I truly enjoy the company of young people and that is my main reason for wanting to work on a campus so I have been looking for opportunities to be involved with the students. Recently I found such an opportunity and I would like to share it with you.

I am a cancer survivor and a speaker for the American Cancer Society so when I saw that Hampshire was forming a team to participate in the 5 College Relay for Life I wanted to know how I could help. I contacted Victoria Quine the student who was organizing the Hampshire team and asked what I could do. She invited me to walk the survivor's lap and made me feel that I would be welcome. I didn't get to meet Victoria until the relay but when I did she asked how she and the team could support me. I told her the best way they could support me was to cheer for me during the survivor lap.

Every relay starts with a guest speaker and a survivor speaker. The relay was late starting when I was approached by some of my friends from the American Cancer Society and the relay organizers. They told me the survivor speaker had not shown up asked me to speak. So with 5 minutes warning I had to figure out what to say to several hundred college students who were there to raise money but also to have fun! I knew I needed to keep it short so I simply told them my story. I was diagnosed the day after my daughter's 12th birthday and that she is now a college student like them. I told

them they are making a difference! I shared with them that when I was going through my treatment I couldn't stand my wig and instead wore a button that said "Hair by Chemo". I thanked them for the hope that they give to me and other survivors.

Relay officially starts with a special lap walked by survivors and their caregivers; there were about 30 of us. The students lined the track and cheered us on. As I neared the first turn I saw the Hampshire students holding a sign and cheering me on. As I rounded the second turn they were there again and as I came to the end of the first lap they were there again! They ran across the field to be there each time I came past. After the survivor's reception I went over to the area where the Hampshire students were staying. There, hanging from a tree, was one of our students performing Circus aerobatics from a purple ribbon, thrilling the crowd around her. I brought one of the ACS people over to get a picture which I am sure will be one of the most unique relay memories! The students all gave me hugs and thanked me for coming. Later in the evening they put on a circus performance that, I understand, was wonderful. My friends at ACS were thrilled because their participation made this a true "5 College Relay". Until this year only 4 colleges had actively participated. What's more this handful of students raised over \$3,000 dollars for the American Cancer Society.

For me it was a wonderful event because I finally got to see the positive side of Hampshire and had the opportunity to meet some amazing young people. In that one evening they showed me what makes Hampshire such a special place and they made me proud to be working here.

[by Kathy Glister]



Humans Who Cook

This year Men Who Cook was replaced with a more egalitarian Humans Who Cook. It has been brought to my attention that this change was in response to accusations of sexism. At first glance this makes very good sense. An event that only men are allowed to compete in it? That is reminiscent of the multitudinous Boys Only clubs that exist even today in some places. However, to accuse an event that is aimed specifically at tearing down the gender binary of being sexist is nonsensical. The ubiquitous stereotype that still persists is that men cannot cook. I'm sure we can all agree that this is extremely harmful to both men who want

to cook and to the women who are told to stay in the kitchen because cooking is women's work.

Does the fact that an event is designed for one gender make it inherently sexist? If so why is nobody up in arms over the Women's Fabrication Workshop in Lemelson? That is an official Hampshire class available only to women. I'm sure many men have yet to be able to take a class there because the only class that does not conflict with their schedules is for women only. I know that is the case for me.

I have spoken to many people about this and the prevailing opinion is that women need a safe community space. I

understand this reasoning but it is rife with hypocrisy. Why is a women only event a safe space while a man only event is an oppressive patriarchal construct? To accuse an event designed for men of sexism implies that men do not need safe community space, that we are all the strong silent loner types. To justify a woman only event in terms of community and safety implies that are touchy-feely creatures that need such emotional, community spaces. Doesn't playing out those assumptions reinforce the gender binary more effectively than does a group of men in a bake-off?



[by Jeffrey Garber]



[by Nathan Wooters]

Why Alex Torpey should not be elected Student Trustee (or anyone else in his position)

[by Sarah Weiss]

I have a few things against Alex Torpey as an elected representative; I also have a few things I like about his work. My opinion of him as my representative is why I'm not voting for him, but it's not why I'm telling you not to. So then of course you ask, "Sarah, why shouldn't I vote for Alex Torpey for Student Trustee?"

And I will tell you. Alex Torpey should not be elected Student Trustee for

one very simple reason: he represents you in far too many places already. More than you probably know. Torpey is a voting member of Community Council, elected by you, and also the Communications Officer. What you may not know is that Torpey also sits on many subcommittees of Council, many of which he began himself. He chairs SafeCom and InfoCom, to name the two big ones. And though I may not feel particularly

safer or better informed than I did before he created these committees, my greater concern is that he is attempting to be the only person representing me.

I'd like to see some other people try their hands at his jobs, sure, but as his positions are appointed, not elected by the student body, I don't think anything will change there. So, then, I propose that he not be elected to another position. Whether or not Torpey accurately



WELCOME TO THE COMMUNITY COUNCIL WEBSITE

Student and Community Governance at Hampshire College

intranet

Student Life
Student Services
Governance
Governance Committees
Community Council
Council Subcommittees
INFORMATION COMMITTEE

Information Committee

More information coming soon, hang tight!

This page was last updated on November 30, 2006. [Send comments](#) to the editor of this page.

Copyright © 2007, Hampshire College
893 West Street Amherst, MA 01002

Screenshot taken on April 23rd, 2007 at 9:25pm.

Vote "No" on Torpey

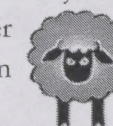
(continued from page 8)

represents my, your, or the community's opinions, I want someone else to be my voice. No one person should represent the community in that many official positions. Let someone else be your Trustee.

Sarah Weiss
Student Educational Policy
Committee Trustee

PS - In case you didn't know that I'm your EPC Trustee rep, as I'm discovering

more and more people don't, now you know. Wondering what I've been doing with my time? Well, I've been attempting to put together reports for you, but many faculty and administrators are not ready for some information to be distributed yet. I know, I know, "What's up with that?" you ask. Well, it sucks, and I'm trying to get around it. I am advocating for you, trying to get you the information I have, so that I can represent you as accurately as possible. Harder than I expected, but I'm doing the best I can.



"Spring breaaaaaak! Take your tops off!!!"

It was snowing. It was getting dark. And the girls from Mt. Holyoke were by no means taking their tops off. Rather, they were huddled together around the glow of a cellular phone, whimpering that they had been waiting for their bus for nearly an hour, pathetically appealing to the little van that goes to Easthampton, the one with the "Easthampton" sign on the front, to ask if the driver was going to Mt. Holyoke.

I scoffed a scoff of superiority. Of course the buses were running late. There was snow everywhere, it was still snowing, and the roads were packed with people trying to get where it wasn't snowing for spring break. The schedule around dinnertime never runs on the half-hour anyhow. These girls were ridiculous. I had been assured by the bus-

driver on the way up to Northampton that buses would keep running as late as they usually would, just maybe a little behind because of the weather, and that if the snow got worse and they had to cancel the later runs, they would still go until at least ten.

And talking to him was really the only time I had actually stopped to reconsider the spontaneous whim presented by my friend David to take what would be the last opportunity we had to take a bus off campus in a while. It took longer than usual to get into town, but I knew absolutely nothing about the movie I had just agreed to see and both David and the fellow across the aisle had good things to say about it, and the conversation lilted into adequately time-passing chatter. We got off the bus, got some candy down the

street, saw the movie, and all was well.

Actually, I think there was a "Holy shit," in there somewhere when David got to the theatre door. Apparently the snow had started sticking. But he's from California so his sentiments on the matter didn't really count. I admitted some surprise at how quickly the snow had managed to accumulate, but preserved my New England-cred by insisting that it was only surprising because we had had such a wimpy winter beforehand. The road was still clear and the buses were visibly still running. The most important thing, really, was to get some pizza since it didn't look like we would make it back for the last meal at SAGA, and work out or ratio of cash and debit carrying because we had been too baffled by the woman text-messaging her pizza to notice that

(continued on page 9)

[by Tabitha Boschetti]

FIRST, ALLOW ME TO EXPRESS MY SYMPATHY TO THE STUDENTS OF VIRGINIA TECH & THEIR FAMILIES & FRIENDS & TO COMMEND MY PEERS FOR THEIR DEMONSTRATIONS OF SOLIDARITY & SUPPORT.



INITIALLY, I CONFESS, I HAD BEEN INCLINED TO FOLLOW MY USUAL COURSE OF INACTION IN THE WAKE OF A TRAGEDY WHICH DOES NOT DIRECTLY AFFECT ME

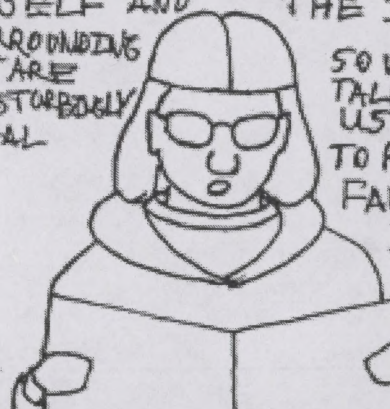


HOWEVER, WHILE STILL IMPROBABLE, I SUDDENLY FIND THE POSSIBILITY OF ANOTHER SUCH SHOOTING HORRIBLY PLAUSIBLE



MORE TO THE POINT, THE SHOOTING ITSELF AND THE ISSUES SURROUNDING IT ARE DESTORBBLY REAL

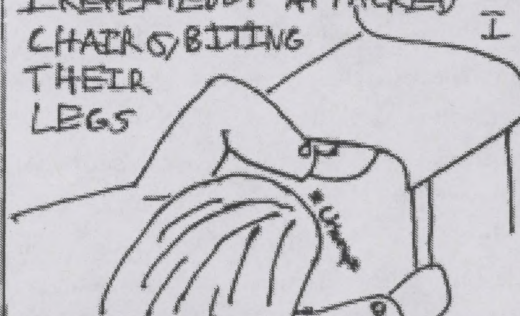
SO WHILE THE TALKING HEADS USE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO REHASH THEIR FAVORITE ARGUMENTS, I THOUGHT I MIGHT MAKE A FEW OBSERVATIONS



WHEN I WAS IN 7TH GRADE, THEY PUT ME ON ZOLOFT. I BECAME VIOLENT DELUSIONAL & PSYCHOTIC. I DEPICTED THE VIOLENT DEATH OF A CLASSMATE WHO OFFENDED ME, & MADE MOCKING PHONE CALLS

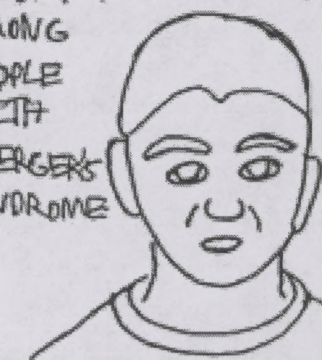


I CUT OFF RANDOM LOCKS OF HAIR, AND TOOK A SUDDEN, OVERWHELMING FURY OUT ON INANIMATE OBJECTS. I REPEATEDLY ATTACKED CHAIRS, BITTING THEIR LEGS



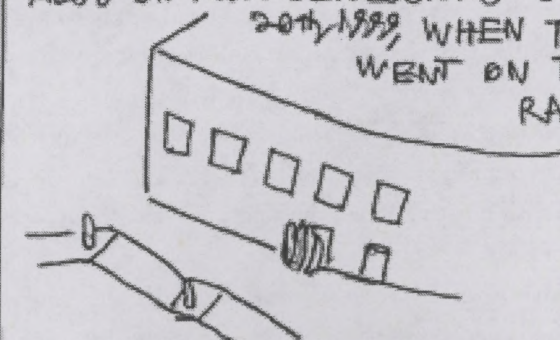
I HAVE NEVER ENGAGED IN SUCH BEHAVIOR, SAVE THAT TIME I WAS ON ZOLOFT

APPARENTLY, PSYCHOTIC REACTIONS TO ZOLOFT ARE COMMON, ESPECIALLY AMONG PEOPLE WITH ASPERGER'S SYNDROME

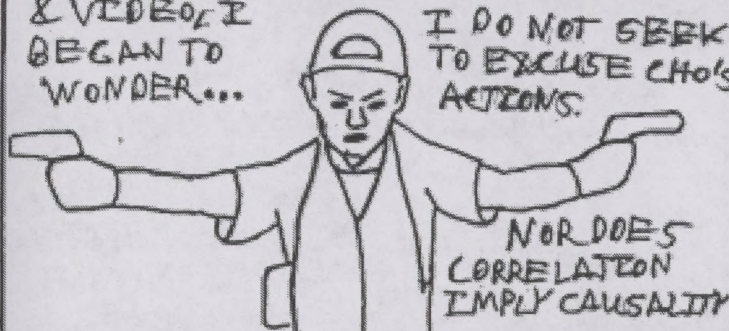


WILLIAM, FRIEND, 19 OF CALIFORNIA DID HAVE ASPEGER'S SYNDROME, & WAS ON ANTI-DEPRESSANTS WHEN HE SHOT TWO, BEFORE TAKING HIS OWN LIFE

THE COLUMBINE SHOOTERS ERIC HARRIS & DYLAN KLEBOLD WERE ALSO ON ANTI-DEPRESSANTS ON APRIL 20th, 1999, WHEN THEY WENT ON THEIR RAMPAGE



WHEN I LEARNED OF CHO'S ANTI-DEPRESSANT USE, AND HIS VIOLENT SELF-EXPRESSION THROUGH PLAYS, WRITINGS & VIDEO, I BEGAN TO WONDER...



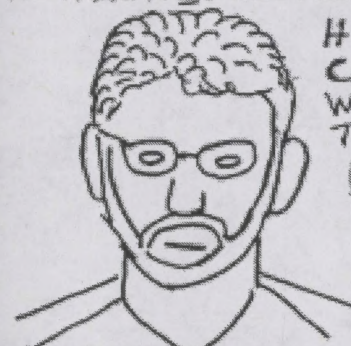
I DO NOT SEEK TO EXCUSE CHO'S ACTIONS. NOR DOES CORRELATION IMPLY CAUSALITY

THE MEDIA MAY WELL BE CORRECT IN ASSUMING THAT CHO'S ANTI-DEPRESSANT USE MERELY INDICATES UNDERLYING ISSUES.



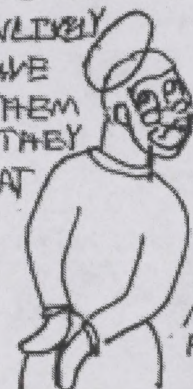
I NOTE THOUGH THAT I WAS NOT DEPRESSED AT THE TIME I WAS PRESCRIBED ZOLOFT. IT WAS A PREVENTATIVE MEASURE. HEY, WHAT HARM COULD IT DO?

MAX KARSON WAS ARRESTED IN BOULDER, CO, LAST TUESDAY FOR "INTERFERENCE WITH AN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION"



HE HAD SAID HE COULD UNDERSTAND WHAT MOTIVATED THE SHOOTER, & HAD EXPLAINED WHY

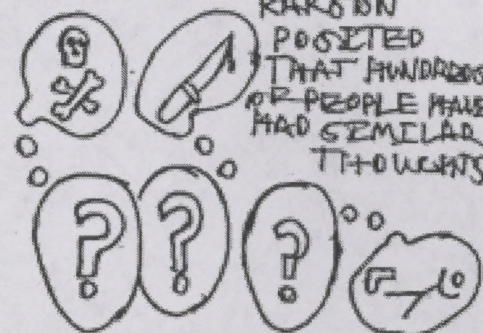
THERE ARE TWO POSSIBILITIES FOR KARSON'S COMMENTS. EITHER WAY, IT IS UNLIKELY HE'D HAVE MADE THEM WERE THEY A THREAT



IF, AS THE SCHOOL CLAIMED, HE INDEED MEANT HIS COMMENT TO OFFEND, THEN BY ARRESTING HIM THEY HAVE GIVEN HIM THE MAINSTAY & PUBLICITY HE DESIRED.

I FIND IT ENTIRELY BELIEVABLE THOUGH, THAT HE MEANT HIS COMMENTS IN EARNEST

IF THIS IS THE CASE, THEN THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO IS DOING US ALL A DISSERVICE



KARSON POSTED THAT HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE HAVE HAD SIMILAR THOUGHTS

I FIND THIS NUMBER IMPLAUSIBLY LOW. HOW MANY TIMES HAVE PEOPLE JOKED IN SERIOUSNESS ABOUT A DESIRE TO KILL? YET THE VAST MAJORITY NEVER SERIOUSLY CONSIDER ACTING ON THESE IMPULSES



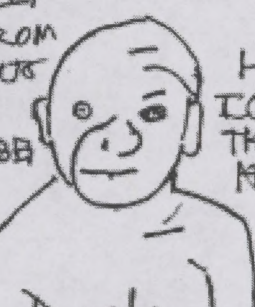
FOR MOST OF US, THE PREFRONTAL LOBE KEEPS THESE IMPULSES IN CHECK, TELLING US THAT KILLING IS MORALLY WRONG & UNDERMINES SOCIETY

SOMEHOW, I FEAR THAT THE LEGAL REPERCUSSIONS HOLD MORE SWAY THAN DO THE MORAL ONES

WITNESS THE SCALE OF MURDER IN RWANDA, SWAN, BOSNIA & IRAQ, WHEN LAW ENFORCEMENT IS WEAK OR ABSENT



OUR CLOSEST RELATIVES, THE CHIMPANZEES, SHOW NO MERCY TOWARDS MEMBERS OF OTHER TRIBES BUT USUALLY REFRAIN FROM VIOLENT ACTS WITHIN THEIR TRIBE UNLESS THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH IT.

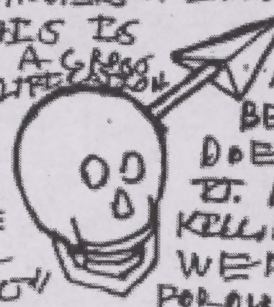


HOW DIFFERENT IS THIS FROM THE HISTORY OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR?

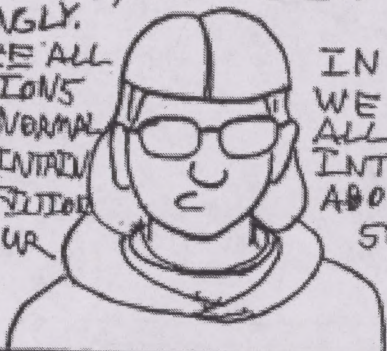
IN WONDERING WHY "GOOD" PEOPLE COMMIT EVIL DEEDS, WE MAKE THE MISTAKE OF ASSUMING THAT PEOPLE ARE INHERENTLY GOOD, KEPT BACK BY THE LIMITATIONS OF SOCIETY



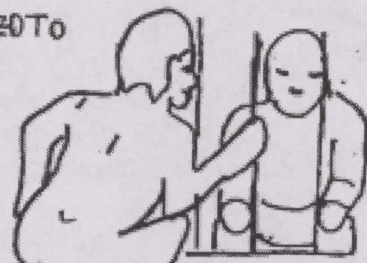
OTHERS BLAME VIOLENT ACTS ON A CULTURE OF MACHISMO. CERTAINLY MOST KILLERS & ALMOST ALL SCHOOL SHOOTERS ARE MALE. YET THIS IS CLEARLY A GROSS OVERGENERALIZATION. IT IS ABSURD TO BLAME A "SOCIAL CONSTRUCT" ON OUR OWN ACTIONS. STILL, BIOLOGY MAY INFLUENCE BEHAVIOR, BUT IT DOES NOT DETERMINE IT. MOST MEN DO NOT KILL, RAPE, OR ASSAULT. WE ARE EACH RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR OWN ACTIONS.



MY ISSUE IS THAT WE HAVE AN IDEA ABOUT WHAT "HUMAN NATURE" OUGHT TO BE, AND PRETEND TO ACT ACCORDINGLY. WE SEE ALL DEVIATIONS AS ABNORMAL. WE MAINTAIN A COZY FICTION ABOUT OUR NATURE. IN SO DOING, WE PRECLUDE ALL HONEST INTROSPECTION ABOUT OUR OWN SELVES.



I HAVE HAD MY OWN DEMONS TO DEAL WITH IN THIS REGARD. I LONG TRIED TO DEAL WITH PEOPLE LOGICALLY AND FOUND MYSELF CONSTANTLY FRUSTRATED & BEWILDERED. ONLY WHEN I LEARNED TO VIEW HUMANS AS ANOTHER TYPE OF ANIMAL DID MAKE IRRATIONAL ACTIONS SENSE.



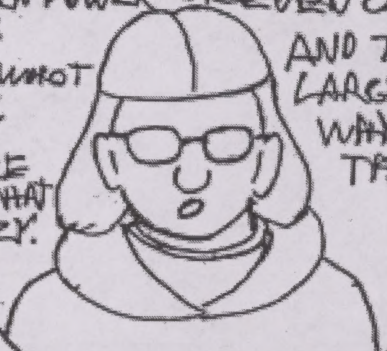
LACKING MUCH OF THE SOCIAL SKILLS WHICH MOST PEOPLE NATURALLY DEVELOP, I HAD NO IDEA HOW TO DEAL WITH PEOPLE SAVERATIONALLY ??? AND IT SEEMS THAT MANY OF THESE LONERS HAD NO IDEA HOW TO DEAL WITH PEOPLE AT ALL. THE CONSCIOUS MIND IS A POOR SUBSTITUTE/THOUGHT FOR INSTINCTS.



WHICH IS NOT TO SAY THAT TRYING TO RANDOMLY APPROACH LONERS IS A GOOD IDEA. I WASN'T EVEN CONVINCED THAT I WANTED FRIENDS. THROUGH MOST OF SCHOOL I DOUBTED THE INTENTIONS OF ANY PEER I HADN'T MET THROUGH SOCIAL SKILLS GROUP. I DID, AT LEAST HAVE ADULTS I COULD SPEAK WITH.



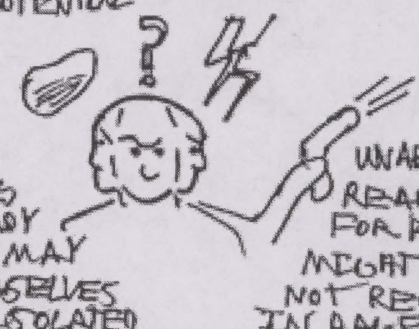
SO WHY DO I SAY ALL THIS? I CAN'T HOPE THAT MY WRITING WILL AFFECT THOSE IN POWER OR EVEN CAUSE THEM NOTICE. AT THE WORST CASE, I MIGHT CONVINCE PEOPLE THAT I'M CRAZY. AND THAT, IN LARGE PART, IS WHY I WRITE THIS.



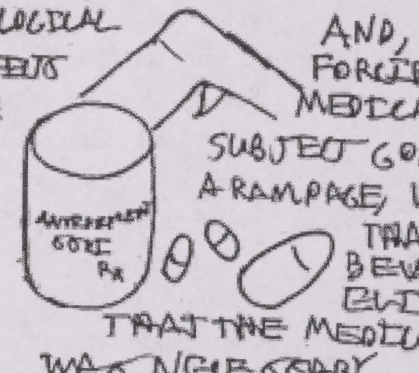
MY GREATEST FEAR IN THE WAKE OF VIRGINIA TECH IS NOT OF A SHOOTING AT ONE OF THE FIVE COLLEGES. STATISTICALLY THAT PROBABILITY IS STILL SMALL. MY GREATER FEAR IS OF A CREEPING EFFECT OF THE EFFECTS THAT MIGHT HAVE



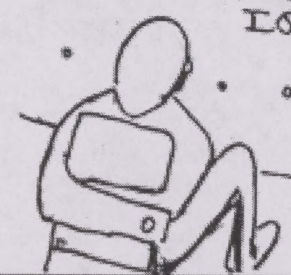
WITH KARSON'S ARREST, HOW MANY WILL FEAR TO SEEK HELP, TO ADMIT TO VIOLENT THOUGHTS, LEAST IT MARK THEM A POTENTIAL KILLER? ANOTHER CASE? THE MOST VULNERABLE, THE ALREADY UNSTABLE, MAY FIND THEMSELVES FURTHER ISOLATED. UNABLE TO REACH OUT FOR HELP, MIGHT THEY NOT REACH OUT IN RAGE?



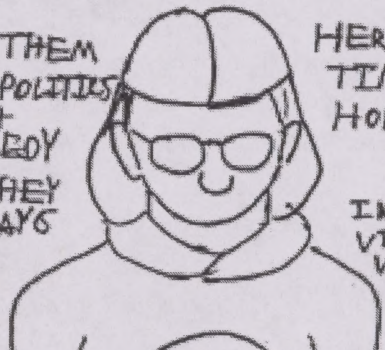
AM I THE ONLY ONE CONCERNED THAT WE KNOW SO LITTLE ABOUT THE PSYCHOLOGICAL SIDE EFFECTS OF THESE DRUGS? AND, IF A FORCEFULLY MEDICATED SUBJECT GOES ON A RAMPAGE, WELL, THAT WILL BECOME EVIDENCE THAT THE MEDICATION WAS NECESSARY.



ALREADY, I HAVE SEEN TALK OF FORCEFUL HOSPITALIZATION AND MEDICATION, EVEN OF THOSE NOT DEEMED A THREAT ...JUST IN CASE. NOW HOSPITALIZATION, IS EXPENSIVE.



I DON'T EXPECT ANYBODY OF IMPORTANCE TO LISTEN TO ME, BUT I DO NEED TO VENT. LET THEM PLAY POLITICS WITH TRAGEDY AS THEY ALWAYS DO. HERE IS ONE TIME I RELY HOPE I'M WRONG. IN MEMORIAM VIRGINIA TECH VICTIMS, 16 APRIL 2007. LUCKY KID WHO HAD A MOTHER.



Spring Break (cont.)

(continued from page 9)

the place only took cash. People came in and talked about the weather, about how all the other places were closing. It was definitely time to start waiting for the bus then since there was one due at Smith at 7:45, and even though they would surely be running late, it made sense to be there promptly and just wait for whenever it did come.

And it did come. The Mt. Holyoke girls had already left in their friend's little sporty sedan, and there was number 39, chugging up the street toward Smith.

And then there it was coming back down the street toward our stop. With the "Out of Service" sign up. Going past our stop.

We went through a considerable period of denial and disbelief. It was a little bit like the time I had been going back home from New York and instead of finding my bus, found the beginning of a parade route, except that that time I had been ankle-deep in colorful confetti, not snow. That had more like a surprise party, and I got to take pictures, dance around, piss off my then-boyfriend who had been being a jerk all weekend and still couldn't enjoy the parade, have a fascinating conversation with a woman who had immigrated from Hong Kong five years prior, trounce around in a colorful wonderland, and most importantly, still get home. This time,

the most festive thing on the street was the blinking yellow light of the traffic signals in anticipation of low traffic. It was really nothing like that time at all.

We had been talking with a girl from Smith who had been planning to visit some friends at Hampshire though, so at least some part of the conversation precedent was met, and she seemed to be sticking around with us as we came to terms with the fact that we weren't taking the bus home.

We considered our options.

We could try staying somewhere for the night and try to get back in the morning when the roads were clear. David didn't seem to feel that

(continued on page 14)

Spring Break (cont. (cont.))

(continued from page 13)

there was a great chance that the girl he was dating at Smith was still there, and sure enough she didn't answer her phone. I considered calling my boss who lived up the street. I wasn't quite comfortable in that either, and she is quite particular about the way people smell and any chemical scents they might pick up. Before I could start quizzing David about what shampoo he uses, I also realized that the buses weren't running to Hampshire over the weekend anyway.

We could, in theory, call someone to pick us up. Ask someone to drive on roads apparently too dangerous for PVTAs, who, I've convinced myself, are invincible. I have a rather idealized notion of public transportation. When climbing into a car my mind generally races with images of smushed skulls and thoughts about whether I or someone I love should get the seat least likely, statistically, to be impacted by a fatal car crash. When riding the bus, I like to sit right up front and watch the ground zoom by really fast and neat-o. That's kind of how I got into this mess in the first place, and we certainly weren't prepared to ask someone to risk their lives out there to pick up our sorry asses who couldn't accept that buses still work like cars.

We could walk. That was the one we were leaning toward. I've been a

pretty hardcore pedestrian since I've had a choice about it, and lived miles from just about anywhere for a while, but I could still admit that walking eight miles in the snow, when my toes were already chilled, would include many instances at which one would be apt to comment, "This sucks." We also had to consider that the already sparse shoulder along the main road would be piled with plowed snow, and that we would constantly be facing the danger of skidding cars and imminent death. The damned things posed a danger even if we never agreed to get in one ever again, ever. It was bad enough that they went around polluting the air and gobbling up oil and prompting people to develop absurd communities with split-level ranches spaced 100 yards apart and then go back around crashing into things at unnatural velocities, but now they had to threaten to run me over if I tried to walk home. I really hate cars.

Except when they take me home instead of killing me. I often accept temporary truces. Apparently the girl trying to visit friends at Hampshire for the night was really hell bent on it and didn't have quite the same reservations we had about asking people to skid off the road into death in an attempt to fetch us from the wiles of the next town over. She had no problem at all asking her ex-girlfriend's new girlfriend

to do this. She put down her phone and said something about how her friends might have been drinking and David and I exchanged the extent to which we did not want to take a ride from a drunk teenager in a snow storm through a series of eyebrow spasms and arm twitching.

But no, this person was not drunk. She was even a competent driver. And had decent music playing. I was entirely accepting of the fact that I could die during that fine diddy, "Tim, I Wish You Born a Girl," but no. Her fine winter-driving skills made me not die consistently over the entire course of the trip.

And so, I thank you. I think your name was Liz.

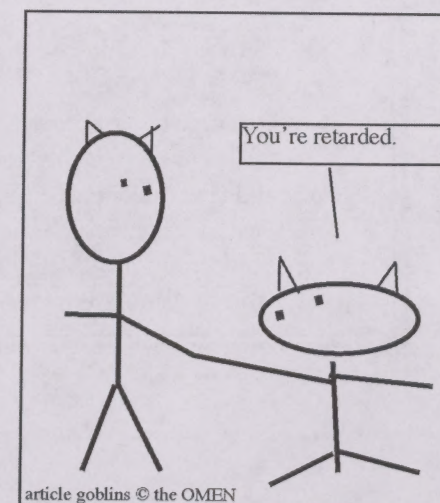
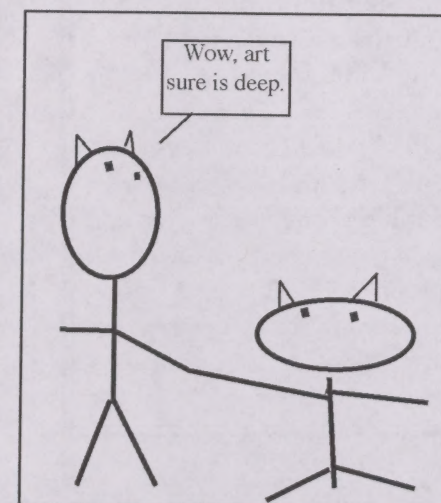
I was preparing to die in a car crash, so I didn't bother remembering too well.

But thank you.

And, for all of you, um, not-Liz people...sorry for the anticlimactic ending. It probably would have been better if we had careened off of a cliff and died. Or rescued a stranded grizzly bear. Or got stuck on the side of the road and saved by an man, only to discover that this old man subsisted on a diet composed entirely of people stranded on the sides of roads. Next time, I'll try harder.



by Nathan Wootters



article goblins © the OMEN

COURSES REJECTED BY THE HUB

We did it again! Every year, professors submit course ideas that are too weird or too true for Hampshire College's administration to accept. And, every year, we members of the Omen staff fight our way into the deep underdark of Cole Science Center—past all the of NS' inhumane testing animals, past the Tomb of Undead Professors, past Hexter's inner sanctum—to bring you this rejected course guide!

Wizards Only:

THESE ARE NOT VISIBLE TO MUGGLES. KEEP QUIET!!!

HACU 2B Apparation: Yellow bike, only better

Learn the age-old wizarding technique of disappearing from one place and arriving in another almost instantaneously. Avoid the PVTa for the rest of your life!!!!

Prerequisites: String Theory, Metaphysics, Transcendental Meditation, Particle physics

SS 9 3/4 Defense Against Dark Arts:

We need brave, daring, and ideologically leftist people to uncover the government conspiracy. Learn how to fight against Right Wing tactics of logic and sociopathic rationalism backed by financial power with ethics, vegan brownies, and emotional protests.

Strong knowledge of anarchism preferred.

SCHOOL OF NOBODY NEEDS SCIENCE

NS 725 Bioarcheology of the Hampshire Sewers:

Rediscover this past popular Hampshire hangout as well as the techniques for excavation of material culture from the seventies and eighties. Bring your rubber boots and crowbars. Meets at the orange cones and broken pavement behind FPH.

CORC Continuing Education 121 Starving Artist Skills: Survival After Your Div 3 in Expressing Marxist Feminist Views Through Fingerpainting Naked Using Sustainable Vegan Paint

Worried about life post-college? Fear not, as we teach you the finer arts of dumpster diving, camping out illegally in the woods, and bumming cigarettes to complement your bohemian look. Meets in Portland.

No knowledge or talent necessary.

HUMANITIES AND CULTURAL UARTS

HACU 414 Existence is Feudal: How to live like a serf in the modern world

This course will focus on submitting to the Omen, your feudal lord. Course takes place at the Farm Center where you will be digging in the mud for several hours a day, followed by hours of layout in B basement.

Prerequisites: Willingness to get dirty.

OPRA ???Ninjitsu

Always wanted to run up walls, disappear into the night, and incapacitate your enemies? Just thought those black outfits looked hot? Learn the history and practice of this ancient art that is still relevant to daily life. Dress in black.

Admission to the class dependant on locating the instructor.

SCHOOL OF SILLY STUFF

SS 000 Passivism

Tired of direct action, pamphletting, and generally making your voice heard and ignored? Learn about the joys of passivism, a modern movement dedicated to complaining loudly and drinking cheap beer! Indulge your inner cynic and innate laziness as you discuss issues you might of heard about, maybe, and attributing the cause to the Republican hegemony. . Meets in the gazebo at Prescott.

Previous activist experience not required

SS 911 The Joys of Capitalism

Learn all about the most prevalent, dominant, and effective economic system. Learn how to get the most out of your workers, and emphasize productivity and profit. This class will be taught by an Amherst professor.

THE OTHER HACU

IA 411 Alcholism: A Div Three Seminar

Trust us. You'll need this. Don't wait until the spring semester to learn the art of drowning your sorrows in sweet sweet alcohol. It takes the edge off the adderall. Meets every night at Moan and Dove

IA 1.5 Understanding Division Two

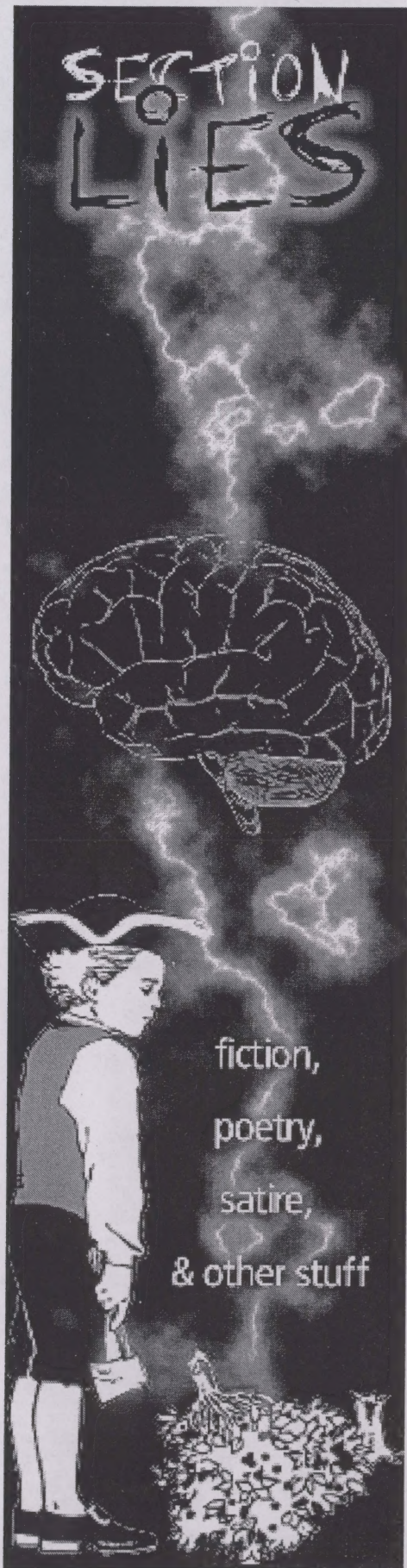
Make the most of your in-between semester by actually figuring out what you're supposed to do under the new system. We will conduct peer, faculty, and staff interviews. This is not a CASA run class.

Required Text: Non Statis Non Scire

LM 251 Pillow Fights and You: Existential Recreation and Sustainable Soft Good Design

Remember the good time bashing your brother over the skull with a pillow? Disappointed it never made a dent? Learn how to craft a better pillow. Emphasis will be on field testing of the objects in question. There is a \$50 lab fee associated with this course.





Gingerale:

The Least Offensive of All Soft Drinks

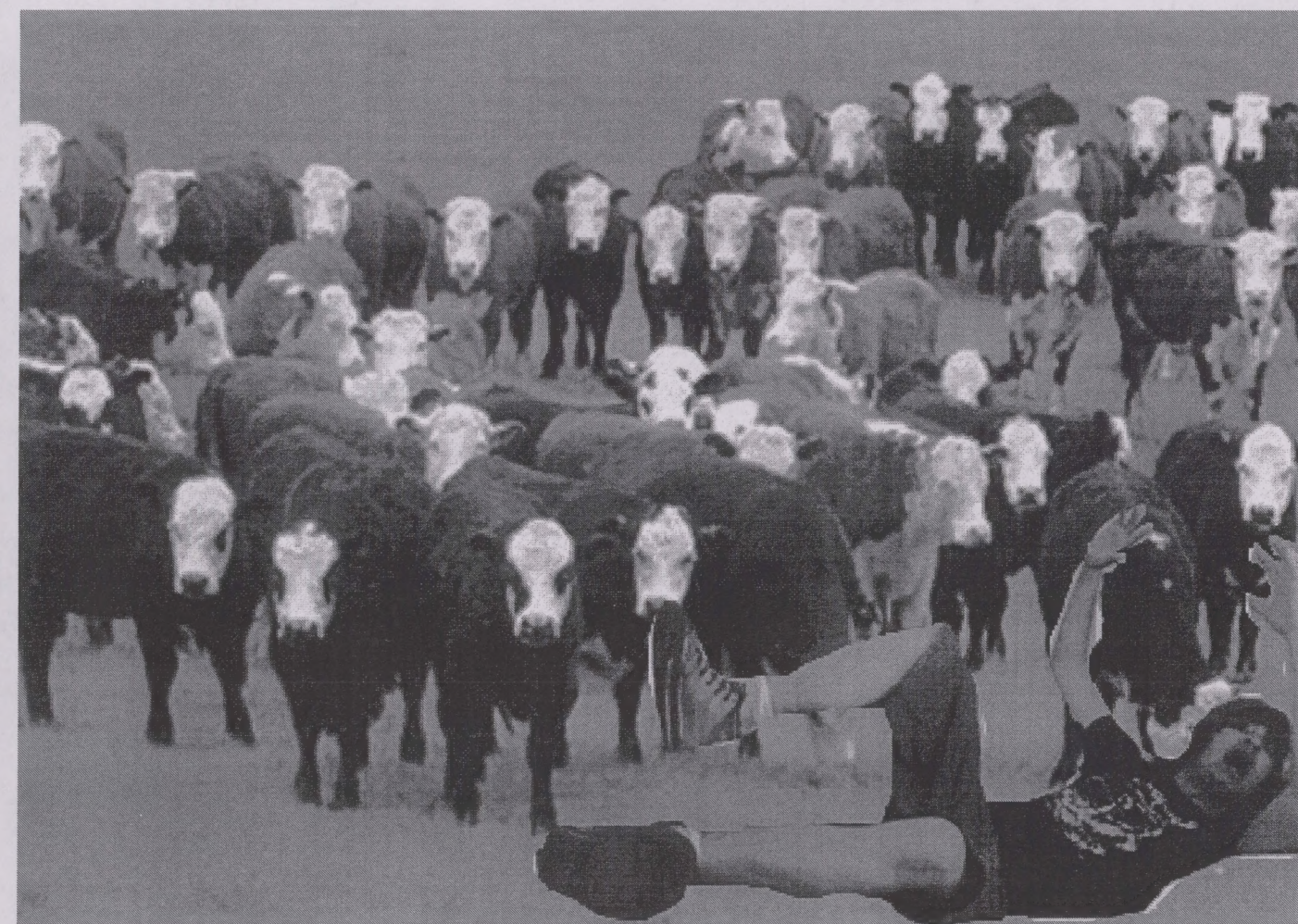
I love Gingerale. Every time I think about Gingerale I can't help but admire the fact that it's the least offensive of all soft drinks. What is your opinion on the matter? I am glad you agree. Mr. Pib and Dr. Pepper are like those skeezy guys your never sure about and make you feel a little uncomfortable. Coca-Cola is like that jock guy who's really nice, but sometimes I find myself questioning whether or not we'd still be friends if I looked different. The 7-Up/Sprite/Sierra Mist triplets are fun to hang out with, and as much as I cherish the memories we've made while driving around at night, looking for things to do, I can't help but feel like there's something superficial about the relationship. I think as time goes on we'll grow apart. Sunkist seems pretty cool, we just don't hang out a whole lot. I've really just seen her at parties thrown by a mutual acquaintance. It's odd, because I'm usually really comfortable around other women, but when I'm talking to Sunkist I always get nervous about what she thinks of me. I mean, it doesn't make much sense since we like a lot of the same things, right? Anyway, I recently got her AIM name, but I haven't IMed her yet, since it seems like that might be a little creepy. Is it a little creepy?

Gingerale is super cool though. He really understands what life's about and I enjoy having long conversations with him. Sometimes I just can't handle it anymore and I'll let him know, "Hey Gingerale, I really admire you. Basically, I want to emulate you" and he'll just sit there fizzing at me in silent contemplation. Dude's really good for tummy aches. I don't think there's anyone I've ever felt as comfortable talking to about stuff, and I never have to worry about him judging me. Gingerale's good at preventing disputes too. The other night I was starting to get really upset with my friend and Gingerale was all, "Dude, just calm down and drink me." Gave me some time to think about things, realize what was what, that the issue wasn't worth arguing over, and what a fine body Gingerale has. I mean, I'd say that I have a crush on Gingerale, but, you know, we're not like that. No, I'd say it's just a very strong bond that we share. Gingerale simply isn't that imposing, when it comes down to it. I've never felt pressured by Gingerale into doing anything like 1) drinking him 2) smoking the ganja 3) stabbing the leprechauns in my head. I know there's no rush and when I feel good and ready, Gingerale will be there, waiting for me.

[by Chris Semple]



Beloved Hampshire Student "Enrique" Dead at 19, Suddenly Regrets Veganism



[by Enrique Van Slyke]

Fucking cows.

Amherst, MA – Enrique Van Slyke was a lot of things: Sexy, magnificent, daring, dashing, suave, strong, bold, radioactive, fun, talented, nice, rigorous, determined, fair, smart, skilled, extreme, and finally – a vegan. It was this last quality, however, that would bite Enrique in the ass... literally. Yesterday, Enrique was torn apart and eaten by a pack of ravenous cows that escaped from a local farm.

"I think it's sadly ironic," said

Enrique's friend Sam. "Think about it. Maybe if he hadn't been a vegan, he could have eaten these cows in the past. If he ate meat, there would be fewer cows in the world. There would have been a higher demand for meat, thus there would have to have been more cow slaughters, and these cows probably would have been killed before they escaped from the farm. Maybe these cows would have been in his belly, rather than the other way around."

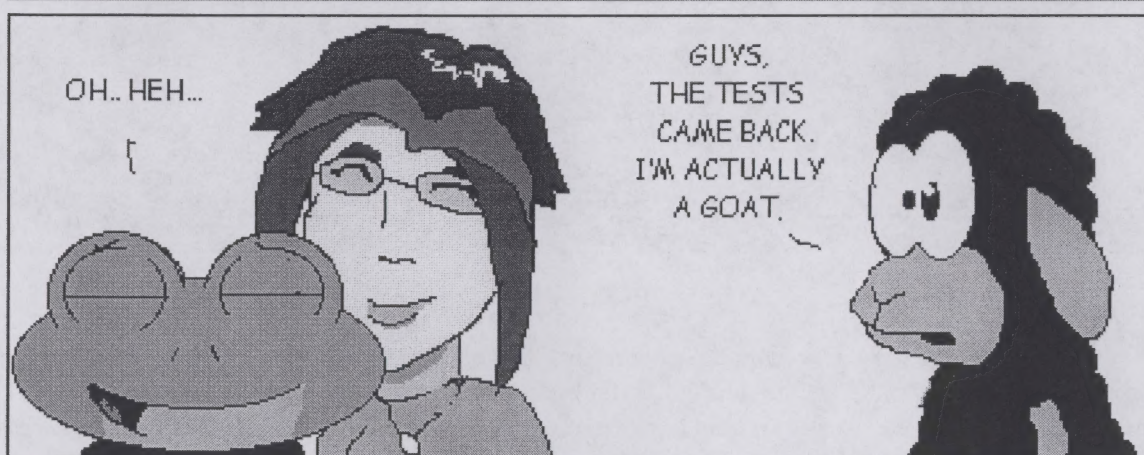
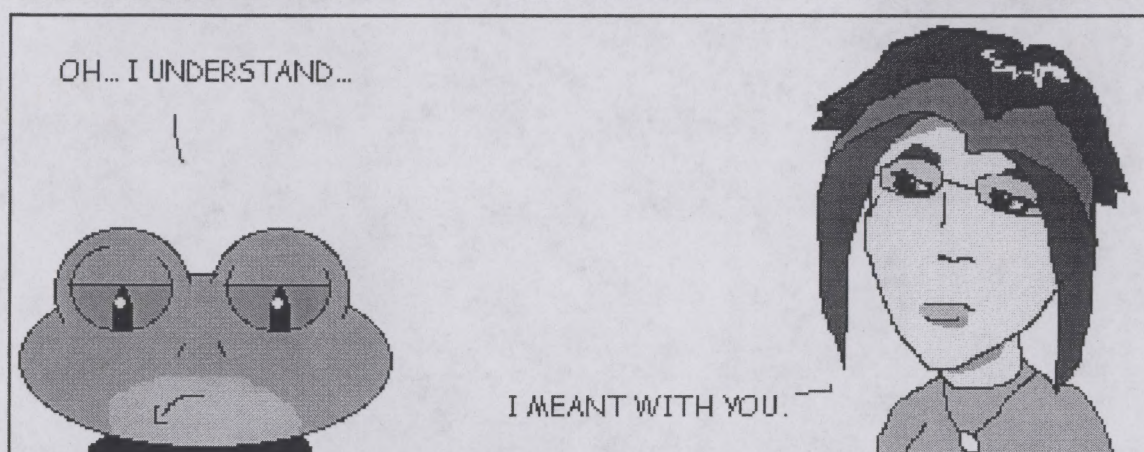
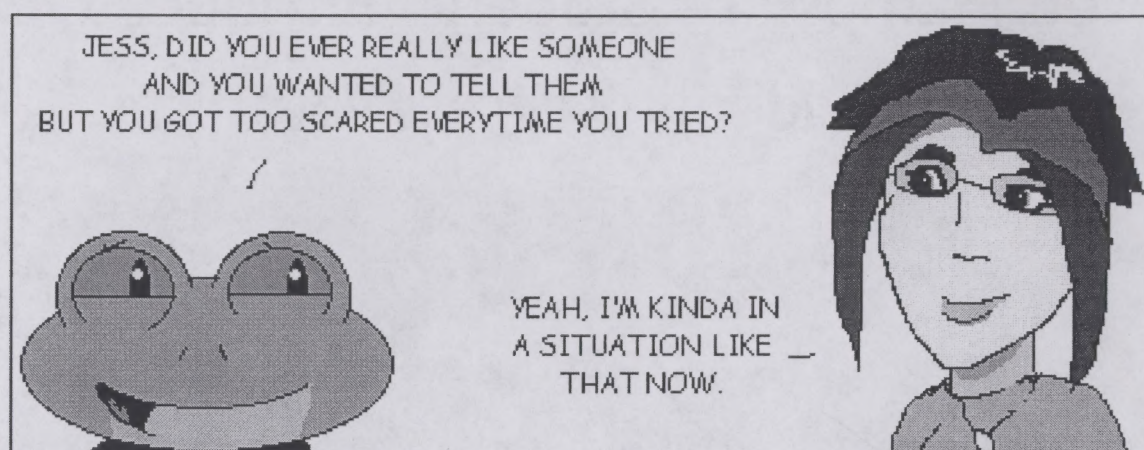
After the cows ate Enrique, they were surrounded and killed and served at Enrique's funeral for free to make up for his death.

"It feels good knowing that while I'm eating this hamburger I'm really eating Enrique," Sam said. "But damn! I wish he had been more tender."



BLACK SHEEP & FROG's

...Season Finale Cliffhanger



BY ANDREW FLANAGAN

TO BE CONTINUED...

Thank you for reading. Thank you for submitting.
See you next year!